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In the Desert

Patches of sun-dried adobes straggle;
Willows along the acequias in the valley
Give cool streams of green;
Beyond, on the bare hillsides,
Yellow and red gashes and bleached white paths
Give foothold to the burros,
To the black-shawled Mexican girls
Who go for water.

INDIAN SONGS

LISTENING

The noise of passing feet
On the prairie—
Is it men or gods
Who come out of the silence?

BUFFALO DANCE

Strike ye our land
With curved horns!
Now with cries
Bending our bodies,
Breathe fire upon us;

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

Now with feet
Trampling the earth,
Let your hoofs
Thunder over us!
Strike ye our land
With curved horns!

WHERE THE FIGHT WAS

In the place where the fight was
Across the river,
In the place where the fight was
Across the river:
A heavy load for a woman
To lift in her blanket,
A heavy load for a woman
To carry on her shoulder.
In the place where the fight was
Across the river,
In the place where the fight was
Across the river:
The women go wailing
To gather the wounded,
The women go wailing
To pick up the dead.